

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,"
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL.

(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910.)

CHAPTER II

The Scene of Tragedy.

Whatever might be the nature of the tragedy it would be over with long before this, and those moving black spots away yonder to the west, that he had discerned from the bluff, were undoubtedly the departing raiders. There was nothing left for Keith to do except determine the fate of the unfortunates, and give their bodies decent burial. That any had escaped, or yet lived, was altogether unlikely,

NOTICE OF SPECIAL STOCKHOLDERS.

ER'S MEETING.

Richmond, Utah,

July 17th, 1911.

To Stockholders of Cache Valley Milling Company:

Please take notice that the Board of Directors have called a special meeting of stockholders of the Cache Valley Milling company to be held Friday, the 28th day of July 1911, at seven o'clock p.m. at the office of T. H. Merrill, stake president, Richmond, Utah.

The meeting is called for the purpose of considering a proposition to amend the articles of incorporation of said company; also to consider and determine whether the company should reincorporate, and such business as pertains thereto.

By order of the board of directors.

GEORGE Y. SMITH,

President.

JOHN O. GREEN,

July 22 Secretary.

On July 15, at Springfield, Mass., American eWaver's Protective Association will convene.

We Sell The Earth

AND

Loan Money on It



Farm and city property, the choice for sale and exchange. Commercial stocks bought and sold. Plenty of money to loan on city and farm property.

Best place on earth for real estate and commercial investment.

H. A. PEDERSEN

And Company

Over 1st National Bank



A few pointers on our coal. It is free burning and always clean, and now is the right time to fill your bins for next winter. The reduced rates will only last a few days longer. Call us and let us attend to your coal business. We have all the best kinds well screened, and can deliver promptly. If you have bought coal of us you know, if not give us an order now.

M. & J. COAL & WOOD CO.

unless, perchance, women had been in the party, in which case they would have been borne away prisoners.

Confident that no hostiles would be left behind to observe his movements, Keith pressed steadily forward, leading his horse. He had thus traversed fully half a mile before coming upon any evidence of a fight—here the pursuers had apparently come up with the wagons, and circled out upon either side. From their ponies' tracks there must have been a dozen in the band. Perhaps a hundred yards further along lay two dead ponies. Keith examined them closely—both had been ridden with saddles, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also dropped in the traces here, and had been dragged along by his mates. Just beyond came a sudden depression in the prairie down which the wagons had plunged so heavily as to break one of the axles; the wheel lay a few yards away, and, somewhat to the right, there lay the wreck of the wagon itself, two dead mules still in the traces, the vehicle stripped of contents and charred by fire. A hundred feet further along was the other wagon, its tongue broken, the canvas top ripped open, while between the two were scattered odds and ends of wearing apparel and provisions, with a pile of boxes smoking grimly. The remaining mules were gone, and no semblance of life remained anywhere. Keith dropped his reins over his horse's head, and, with Winchester cocked and ready, advanced cautiously.

Death from violence had long since become almost a commonplace occurrence to Keith, yet now he shrank for an instant as his eyes perceived the figure of a man lying motionless across the broken wagon tongue. The grizzled hair and beard were streaked with blood, the face almost unrecognizable, while the hands yet grasped a bent and shattered rifle. Evidently the man had died fighting, beaten down by overwhelming numbers after expending his last shot. Then those hands had scalped and left him where he fell. Fifty feet beyond, shot in the back, lay a younger man, doubled up in a heap, also scalped and dead. That was all; Keith scouted over a wide circle, even scanning the stretch of gravel under the river bank, before he could fully satisfy himself there were no others in the party. It seemed impossible that these two traveling alone would have ventured upon such a trip in the face of known Indian hostility. Yet they must have done so, and once again his lips muttered: "Of all the blame fools!"

Suddenly he halted, staring about over the prairie, obsessed by a new thought, an aroused suspicion. There had appeared merely the hoof-prints of the one horse alongside of the fleeing wagons when they first turned out from the trail, and that horse had been newly shod. But there were two dead ponies lying back yonder; neither shod, yet both had borne saddles. More than this, they had been spurred, the blood marks still plainly visible, and one of them was branded; he remembered it now, a star and arrow. What could all this portend? Was it possible this attack was no Indian affair after all? Was the disfiguring of bodies, the scalping, merely done to make it appear the act of savages? Driven to investigation by this suspicion, he passed again over the trampled ground, marking this time every separate indentation, every faintest imprint of hoof or foot. There was no impression of a moccasin anywhere; every mark remaining was of booted feet. The inference was sufficiently plain—this had been the deed of white men, not of red; foul murder, and not savage war.

The knowledge seemed to sear Keith's brain with fire, and he sprang to his feet, hands clinched and eyes blazing. He could have believed this of Indians; it was according to their nature, their method of warfare; but the cowardliness of it, the atrocity of the act, as perpetrated by men of his own race, instantly aroused within him a desire for vengeance. He wanted to run the fellows down to discover their identity. Without thinking of personal danger he ran forward on their trail, which led directly westward, along the line of cottonwoods. These served to conceal his own movements, yet for the moment, burning with passion, he was utterly without caution, without slightest sense of peril. He must know who was guilty of such a crime; he felt capable of killing them even as he would venomous snakes. It was a perfectly plain trail to follow, for the fugitives, apparently convinced of safety, and confident their cowardly deed would be charged to Indian raiders, had made no particular effort at concealment, but had ridden away at a gallop, their horses' hoofs digging deeply into the soft turf. On this retreat they had followed closely along the river bank, aiming for the ford, and almost before he realized it Keith was himself at the water's edge where the trail abruptly ended; staring vaguely across toward the opposite shore. Even as he stood there, realizing the futility of further pursuit amid the maze of sand dunes opposite, the sharp reports of two rifles reached him, spurts of smoke rose from the farther bank, and a bullet chugged into the ground at his feet, while another sang shrilly overhead.

These shots, although neither came sufficiently near to be alarming, served to send Keith to cover. Cool-headed and alert now, his first mad rage dissipated, he scanned the opposite bank cautiously, but could nowhere discover any evidence of life. Little by little he comprehended the situation, and decided upon his own action. The fugitives were aware of his

not at all liable to return to this side and thus reveal their identity. To attempt any further advance would be madness, but he felt perfectly secure from molestation so long as he remained quietly on the north shore. Those shots were merely a warning to keep back; the very fact that the men firing kept concealed was proof positive that they simply wished to be left alone. They were not afraid of what he knew now, only desirous of not being seen. Confident as to this, he retreated openly, without making the slightest effort to conceal his movements, until he had regained the scene of murder. In evidence of the truth of his theory no further shots were fired, and although he watched that opposite bank carefully, not the slightest movement revealed the presence of others. That every motion he made was being observed by keen eyes he had no doubt, but this knowledge did not disconcert him, now that he felt convinced fear of revelation would keep his watchers at a safe distance. Whoever they might be they were evidently more anxious to escape discovery than he was fearful of attack, and possessed no desire to take his life, unless it became necessary to prevent recognition. They still had every reason to believe their attack on the wagons would be credited to hostile Indians, and would consider it far safer to remain concealed, and thus harbor this supposition. They could not suspect that Keith had already stumbled upon the truth, and was determined to verify it.

Secure in this conception of the situation, yet still keeping a wary eye about to guard against any treachery, the plainsman, discovering a spade in the nearest wagon, hastily dug a hole in the sand, wrapped the dead bodies in blankets, and deposited them therein, piling above the mound the charred remains of boxes as some slight protection against prowling wolves. He searched the clothing of the men, but found little to reward the effort. A few letters which were slipped into his pockets to be read later, some ordinary trinkets hardly worth preserving except that they might assist in identifying the victims, and, about the neck of the elder man, a rather peculiar locket, containing a portrait painted on ivory. Keith was a long time opening this, the spring being very ingeniously concealed, but upon finally succeeding, he looked upon the features of a woman of middle age, a strong mature face of marked refinement, exceedingly attractive still, with smiling dark eyes, and a perfect wealth of reddish brown hair. He held the locket open in his hand for several minutes, wondering who she could be, and what possible connection she could have held with the dead. Something about that face smiling up into his own held peculiar fascination for him, gripping him with a strange feeling of familiarity, touching some dim memory which failed to respond. Surely he had never seen the original, for she was not one to be easily forgotten, and yet eyes, hair, expression, combined to remind him of some one whom he had seen but could not bring definitely to mind. There were no names on the locket, no marks of identification of any kind, yet realizing the sacredness of it, Keith slipped the fragile gold chain about his neck, and securely hid the trinket beneath his shirt.

It was noon by this time, the sun high overhead, and his horse, with dangling rein, still nibbling daintily at the short grass. There was no reason for his lingering longer. He swept his gaze the length and breadth of the desolate valley, and across the river over the sand hills. All alike appeared deserted, not a moving thing being visible between the bluffs and the stream. Still he had the unpleasant feeling of being watched, and it made him restless and eager to be away. The earlier gust of anger, the spirit of revenge, had left him, but it had merely changed into a dogged resolution to discover the perpetrators of this outrage and bring them to justice for the crime. The face in the locket seemed to ask it of him, and his nature urged response. But he could hope to accomplish nothing more here, and the plainsman swung himself into the saddle. He turned his horse's head eastward, and rode away. From the deeply rutted trail he looked back to where the fire still smoked in the midst of that desolate silence.

To Be Continued.

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS

Their action controls your health. Read what Foley Kidney Pills have done for your neighbor, Mrs. H. W. Allen, Quincy, Ill., says: "About a year ago my kidneys began bothering me. I had a swelling in my ankles and limbs, then headaches and nervous dizzy spells, and later severe backaches. I was getting worse, when I began taking Foley Kidney Pills. I kept on taking them until I was once more freed of all kidney trouble. Cop Drug Co."

EXCURSION TO CANADA.

August 3rd.

Via Oregon Short Line. Very low rates to Lethbridge, Cardston, Magrath, Raymond, Stirling and other points, with long limit. For further details, write D. E. Burley, General Passenger Agent, O. S. L. R. R. Co.

UNCLE BEN, ADVISER

The father, mother and as many of the neighbors as had been taken into their confidence were very much worried about the 20-year-old daughter Lena. She had been keeping company with, and was at last engaged to Will Armstrong. Mr. Henderson had not put his foot down in time. He was a merchant and the idea that his daughter should "take up with" a clerk in another store and working on a salary of \$10 per week, angered and humiliated him.

Things were at sixes and sevens when Uncle Ben arrived. He was seventy years old and worth a thousand dollars for every year of his age. Everyone looked up to Uncle Ben. He was a great hand to advise. He made a specialty of advising whenever opportunity offered. If a man had a cow which only gave five quarts of milk per day Uncle Ben would advise him that it was just as easy to have one which gave double the amount. He advised his neighbors how to live in peace and unity—youth men what sort of girls to pick out—girls what sort of fellows, and he lived his life knowing that the great world would sadly miss him when his time came to go.

The old gentleman didn't wait two days before tackling his job. He didn't go to see the young man, as he might have done. All young men were alike. He first led off on the duty of children to their parents. They must obey. What did a girl of twenty, who had never churned or made soft soap, know of human character? Right in his youthful breast Will Armstrong might have the seeds of murder and piracy. After marriage they would grow and thrive like a lot of burdocks, and it would eventually be the gallows for him. Yes, the gallows, and the wife would stand at the foot of it with streaming eyes and wish she had never been born. Then the good Uncle Ben took up the commercial side of the case. Let it go that they loved. Admit, for the sake of argument that no murderous seeds were waiting to blossom in William's breast. He was getting a salary of \$10 a week—only \$10. How far would that go towards making a home? It was easy to figure. So much house rent—so much sugar, coffee, tea, flour and butter. There might be 50 cents a week over, but that would have to go for rheumatic liniments and corn cures.

After a talk lasting for hours, in which the girl had very little to say, Uncle Ben patted her on the shoulder and observed:

"I am glad you see things my way, dear. You are going to drop this young man and be sensible."

"But I am not," she replied. "Unless he dies or backs out we shall be married."

"Then you can't think I know much."

"Not about girls. When they love and wed they are willing to do with very little tea and coffee. Will and I shall get along. You are a dear old uncle, but when it comes to choosing a husband let a girl alone."

"Look here, Lena," replied the old man after some thought, "you are my favorite niece. I don't want to see you go to the poorhouse, nor weeping at the foot of the gallows. Send this young man about his business. If you will do this I'll agree to put \$5,000 in the bank for you against a marriage with somebody in your station."

"Not for sale, Uncle Ben!" Uncle Ben had no more to say to her. She refused to follow his advice and was therefore to be considered a lost soul. His advice to the parents was:

"Say no more. Let her make her bed and lie in it." And his anger and outraged dignity would not permit him to say more at the time. It was known to the family three days later, however, that he proposed to hunt up the homeliest girl in the county and make her a present of the money he had offered to his niece.

Ten days passed, and then the weeping Mrs. Henderson announced that Lena was not in her room. She had not gone to bed for the night. She had fled by way of the window and the roof of the woodshed. That she and Will Armstrong had eloped there was little doubt.

On the fifth day Uncle Ben took a stroll around the village and stepped into a grocery to get two cents' worth of bark cinnamon to chew on. He was waited upon by a smart-looking young man. He asked questions and they were answered so courteously and intelligently and the young man seemed so very much alive to things that the adviser parted him on the shoulder and said:

"Young man, you are just what I was at your age, and I am now worth over \$70,000. Keep right on."

"Uncle Ben, this is my husband, Mr. Will Armstrong," said a voice at his elbow, and he turned to confront his smiling niece.

There was a long minute to embarrassing silence, and then the old man replied:

"You come across to the bank with me this minute."

"But why? I didn't take your advice."

"And that's exactly why, and I'm going to make it \$10,000 instead of \$5,000!"

Complicated Politics. "I thought you had things fixed!"

LEGAL NOTICES

PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICE.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Signers for further information.

In the District Court, Probate Division in and for Cache County, State of Utah.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of William E. Hawkins, deceased.

Creditors will present their claims with vouchers to Margaret T. Hawkins, the undersigned executrix of the estate of said deceased, at her residence in Logan City, Cache county, State of Utah, on or before December 6th, 1911.

MARGARET T. HAWKINS,

Executor.

J. Z. Stewart, Jr., attorney. a15

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Emma Campbell, deceased.

Creditors will present claims with vouchers to the undersigned at his residence, 342 West Center St., Logan, Utah, on or before the 5th day of November, A. D., 1911.

Date of first publication, July 4th, A. D., 1911.

JOHN H. CAMPBELL, Administrator.

J. C. Walters, attorney. aug5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Gillions, deceased.

Creditors will present claims with vouchers to the undersigned at his residence in Logan, City, Utah, on or before the 18th day of October, A. D., 1911.

Date of first publication, June 17th, A. D., 1911.

JOHN QUAYLE, Administrator.

J. C. Walters, attorney.

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulax relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

DIRECTORY

General Blacksmithing

and Horse Shoeing will be done in

The B. Y. College

Forging department. All wood parts on buggies and wagons will be repaired at the same place. Good work at reasonable prices.

Work Guaranteed

A. JOHANSEN.

John Thomas

MERCHANT TAILOR

Special Rates For Students
All Work Guaranteed First-Class
Cleaning And Repairing a Specialty

James C. Walters

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Union Block To North Main Street

Notice To The People

THE LOGAN HIDE AND JUNK COMPANY OF LOGAN ARE PAYING THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR HIDES, FURS AND BEES WAX, ALSO RUBBER, METAL AND CAST IRON. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE 146 SOUTH MAIN STREET, LOGAN, UTAH, BELL PHONE 62.

CITY PAINT SHOP

Bell Tel. 446B. Ind 212M

FOR PAINTING AND PAPERHANGING

Wall Paper, Paints and paint supplies. For upholstering and furniture repair, call at same place. Bed spring stretching a specialty.

THE OAK

Best Pictures
Best Music
Best Songs

MAKE YOUR HOUSE GLAD



Fill its hungry pores with life preserving Linseed Oil and good pigments. With such good paint the colors well harmonized and a good painter doing the work, you'll make glad the whole household and neighborhood as well. Remember it is cheaper to paint than not to paint.

RITER BROS. DRUG CO.

New Train Service

VIA



In connection with

BURLINGTON ROUTE
ROCK ISLAND ROUTE
MISSOURI PACIFIC

TWO NIGHTS TO CHICAGO.
TWO NIGHTS TO ST. LOUIS.
THREE NIGHTS TO NEW YORK.
Pullman and Tourist Sleepers to Chicago and St. Louis without change of cars.

Ticket Office, 301 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

For further information see any D. & R.G. Agent or address
I. A. BENTON, G. A. P. D. Salt Lake City, Utah
F. A. WADLEIGH, G. P. A. Denver, Colorado.

FOUR
FAST
TRAINS
EAST

2:45 a. m.

8:10 a. m.

4:30 p. m.

7:10 p. m.